THE EMERALD.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

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AGE, while it diminishes the enjoyments of life, increases, says Goldsmith, the desire of living. To the latter part of this position we readily assent; the further we proceed on the journey of life, the more numerous and varied are the bonds which encircle us. The old man looks back on the period of youthful enterprise and sanguine expectation, remembers with pleasure the anxieties and the amusements of manhood, and in the decline of his days compensates himsslf for the irritations of disease and the infirmities of life, by retracing in detail the events of more active periods; he assembles his friends and his family; he is the little monarch of his household, a patriarch among his children. Their respect is estimable, their attention endearing, he lives over again in imagination the days of his boyhood,

He shoulders his crutch and shows how fields are won.

There is a tenacity of life frequently discoverable in the aged—among those who seem to us to have plucked all the roses and to have nothing left on the bush but the thorns—which surprises us by its apparent inconsistency. In the halcyon days of existence, when we look forward with all the ardour of youth, and all the enthusiasm of young hopes and desires, when every little retardment of our designs is a source of vexation, and when nothing can be a severer punishment than idleness and inaction, we are very apt to look round the world with an expectation of similar sentiments, and commisserate those as most unfortunate beings, whose powers of action or situation in life forbid the employment of the same exertions. But in this estimation we forget that every stage on the course is provided with different entertainment, and that at every pause we are more apt to be pleased with the pleasures that surround and the prospects before us, than to retrace the path we have trodden and regret the want of felicities which, most probably, we have lost the power to relish.

The human *body* in every situation of climate, submits and conforms itself to surrounding circumstances. The hardy Norwegian is accustomed to his snows and the partched African is happy only under the intense heat of the line.

The *eye* accustomed to light sees with difficulty, by the means of only a faint glimmering, but in the recesses of a dungeon becomes familiarized with its gloom and begins to discern what had previously been invisible. The *palate* at an early age enjoys one species of food that at a more advanced period it would

reject with disgust, and at every step assimilates with new customs and manners.

The *mind* likewise puts off childish things as it progresses to manhood, and as it descends to a second childhood it comes again to be equally attached to the rattle of life, and the straws that are floating around it.

Instead then of remembering that universal denunciation which condemns us to the dominion of death, and realizing that the tyrant is advancing with uplifted hand, instead of summoning courage to wait his arrival, and gathering fortitude to submit to his inevitable order, the old man, with the natural timidity of age, clings to the wreck which has so long supported him, remembers the pleasures he has enjoyed only with increased wishes for more, and trembles at the prospect of advancing to a new and undeterminate empire, which he has only seen at a distance and has always associated in his own mind with horror.

Those who contemplate at a distance the old man's love of life, who know not the internal satisfaction he experiences, and only see the troubles, the pains and difficulties he has to sustain, wonder at the tenacity with which he holds to his claim and are surprised at the reluctance with which he at length is forced to submit. To a man who has been taught from his infancy the Christian doctrine of future immortality, who anticipates the rewards of a virtuous and well spent life, the seventieth, the eightieth year, one would think, must come a welcome messenger of introduction to a more perfect empire; but the most that religion does, is to give a serenity and composure in the hour of dissolution, and a fortitude to sustain unbroken the awful event. It never gives a zeal and anxiety to have it arrive. The old man reckons on his age as the young man does upon his youth, and as the shafts of death have hitherto escaped him, he feels a strong expectation of living to another year and equalling his life with a century.

There is no ordination of nature more wise and benificent than this. It shows us demonstrably the general administration of providence never makes the toils of life greater than its blessings, and that even the diseases of nature produce a proportionate reaction of pleasures which generally serve as a balance. This tenacity for life is to be considered as wrong only when it interferes with the objects for which life was conferred. It then indeed becomes disgraceful and criminal. "*Propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas*," has been considered the worst trait of a most detestable character: and he who submits his faculties to be continually controuled by fear of an event that must one day happen, will never be considered with any marks of esteem. He is a coward, flying from the ranks of duty at the alarm of danger, and unable or unwilling to perform the part which Nature has enjoined.

But the old man's love of life however inconsistent it appears to us, is occasioned by a thousand strong and powerful circumstances and instead of believing with Goldsmith that his pleasures are diminished, we do in truth believe they are multiplied and rendered firmer by every day's experience.

There is observable in youth a general contempt of danger and defiance of death which is suited to the inexperience and temerity of the age. The French armies, it is said, who have atchieved the most brilliant and glorious victories with infinite danger, were composed of young men from fifteen to twenty-five—men who had formed

connexions in life and hardly experienced its endearments, who were insensible of the hazards they incurred, and from ignorance of the value of life, careless of enjoying it; —who saw nothing in perspective worthy possession but honour, and no means of gaining that but plucking it from the brow of danger. They had no name in the world to lose; their praises were as yet unknown, their boldness was necessary to acquire glory, and their perseverance to maintain it. Their ardour was of course unrestrained and their energies exerted without limitation. The old man however remembered that his life is interesting not to himself alone, but to his wife and children—-that his character had been earned by many days of pain, toil and difficulty, and was not to be hazarded without an object nor lost without necessity—that he had earned his right of enjoyment by past exertions, and that to lose life was throwing away the boon which recompensed former painful assiduities.

For the Emerald.

"Oh, that mine adversary had written a book."

These were the words of the man of Uz, pronounced under feelings of the most poignant affliction; when life had become a curse and the consolations of friendship were to be administered in the language of reproach. Had the patientest of men lived in our days he could hardly have wished before his wishes would have been answered: But his Chaldean countrymen, were too wise to write, when they had nothing to communicate, and too virtuous not to condemn what would be written by an enemy to Job.

Persecuted by Satan, racked with disease, and teazed and troubled by officious friends; holy Job, I envy thee that state of society, in which the evil to be wished an enemy was that he might "write a book." Had a "Pisgah vision" been afforded thee, to the countries enlightened by Christianity, thou wouldst have seen in our age the cold-hearted philosopher, the hollow-hearted patriot, the infidel quibbler, the superficial critic, the simpering novelist, the beaux, the scullion, and the ostler, the fine lady, the nurse, and the ballad-making kitchen-maid, united in the determination to waste paper, oppress the bookseller's shelves, canker friendship, stab humanity, assassinate religion, overthrow government, and to plunge mankind into the abyss of perdition.

The proud hearted stoic, the indulgent epicurian, the snarling cynic, and the visionary platonist would have given thee less pain than these modern haters of virtue and *reformers* of mankind. *They* investigated patiently; *these* despise the labour of research. They adopted, indeed the vulgar prejudices, but they added something to the dignity of man, by recommending the practice of many virtues; these under pretence of making war against prejudice, have struck at all principle, and have debased man by the deification of his vices. They offended against the glimmering of a star, or the feeble twilight of a departing revelation;—these are reprobates while the sun of Christianity beams from the meridian.

It would be of little consequence to an individual, what were his neighbour's principles or opinions, were it not from the evils which flow from the dissemination of those opinions. His ignorance might even pass without a stigma, if he would confine to himself the pleasure of reflecting on a vacant mind.

But when he palms his folly on the world to mislead the weak, to beguile the unsuspecting, and to "darken wisdom, by words without knowledge," and makes the world pay for it too, he trespasses even beyond the patience of that holy man, whose virtue in enduring affliction without discontent, is proverbial.

Why should any one write a book? except it be to instruct or harmlessly to amuse mankind; to teach us to employ life, with dignity and usefulness, and to bear with patience the pressure of its misfortunes. He is honourably employed, who is engaged in extending science, detecting truth and promulgating discovery; and those exertions must always merit applause, which have a tendency to enlarge and invigorate the mind; or to reinforce the motives to the practice of virtue, or to beguile for some season, the melancholy and despondence which so often give a sable hue to the drapery of life. Beyond this point we have no wants, and labour is therefore superfluous. Short of it we can hope for nothing but ignorance, and ignorance is always the parent of errour.

It is no palliation of the crime of writing nonsense, to say, "the world are not obliged to read." The world will read, and read too without reflection. The girl will read and be pleased with the novel, which instills into her bosom the prolific poison, that generates disease and poverty and contempt and unavailing sorrow and perpetual wretchedness. The peasant will peruse with rapture the book that falsely acquits him of social and political duty—which equalizes him with the ruler, whose superior acquisitions, reading and reflection and general pursuits and the peasant's own vote, have raised from his humble level, and which leads him from contentment to dissatisfaction, from dissatisfaction, to insurrection and from insurrection to the gallows. The voluptuary will gratulate himself, on finding his vices treated by the pretended moralist, with a tenderness which the most rigid virtue, hardly dares to claim, and his corruptions in some sort legalized by the authority of the "writer of a book." The poet too in his court to the wanton muse contributes extensively to the stock of demoralization. Under diction as enchanting as the fragrant vines and soft verdure, that clothe the declivities of Ætna, he conveys sentiments, destructive as the molten fires that rage in the caverns of the mountain.

It is the tendency of a large proportion of what is written to confirm error and to corrupt the minds and under the specious pretext of amusement, to relax the bonds that keep passion under controul. You may administer wine to the old man to accelerate the tardy flow of his blood, and to enliven his blunted sensibilities with the mimic feeling of youth; but the world needs no such stimulants. It is not yet in its dotage. If it has lost any thing of its simplicity, it retains its propensities and vigor. The passions are as strong and as vindictive and as insolent as ever. Appetite has not narrowed his broad dominion; and Lust, surrounded with the desolations he has brought upon the world, incessantly cries, "Haw and spoil, and ruin are my gain."

Out of the flood of books with which the world has for sometime been inundated, how few can be selected, at which a moralist would not look with indignation, and a scholar with contempt? The few which aim at the dignity of science pay a better compliment to the *memory*, than to the *understanding*

their authors, and show that it is much easier to *transcribe* than to *reflect*: and those which aim only at the praise of speculation, indicate less a spirit of philosophy, than a mind without discipline and a heart without affections. With very dubious claims to patronage, they all write with the expectation of reward; for no man voluntarily labours without hope. The jack-daw plagiarist, courts applause in the stolen plumage of the peacock. The "unsexed female" vindicates her *spirit* in supporting principles which she *hopes* are jacobinical, and shews her freedom from *superstition* in teaching a *liberality* which *she experiences* to be fatal to virtue. The block-head expects that his darkness will be taken for profundity; and the infidel and levelling politician, know, that their sophistry will by many be received for argument. Thus, error is confirmed, counsel darkened, and science perplexed—They have "written a book."

It has ever been a matter of regret to the literary world that Omar made a burnt offering of the Alexandrian library, to his superstition and caprice. The Caliph of the Saracens might in our age collect an hundred libraries, and consign them to a similar fate, and Virtue and Learning never think of paying to their ashes, the tribute of a tear.

P. R. S.

Selected for the Emerald.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF MORLAND THE PAINTER.

It is well known that Morland and his favourite companion for the time, sometimes went upon an expedition to the coast, without a guinea, and perhaps scarcely a shilling, to defray the expences of their journey; and thus they were often reduced to unpleasant and ludicrous dilemmas. On one occasion, he was travelling to the Kentish shore, in company, as I was told, with a near relative; and, finding their cash exhausted, while at a distance from their destination, they were compelled to exert their wits for the purpose of recruiting themselves, after a long, fatiguing march. Their situation much resembled that of the two Bond Street loungers, whom a modern satirist has made to exclaim, in a paroxism of starvation,

"Zooks, we can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse."

—When, as they approached towards Canterbury, a homely village ale-house caught their attention. It is probable that Telemachus, when he fell into the sea,* and was on the point of destruction, did not hail the appearance of the dolphin, which brought him safe to land, with more heart-felt gratulation, than did our itinerant artists the interesting sign of the Black Bull, which indicated abundance near at hand, of home-made bread and generous gin.

In they sallied, and soon made alarming havoc amongst the eatable and potable accommodations of the astonished Boniface, who beheld with surprise the ease and rapidity with which they exercised their powers of deglutition upon several pints of his smuggled, full proof spirits. At length, on hinting that they must pursue their journey, the landlord found that they had consumed as much bread, cheese, and gin as amounted to 12s. 6d. Morland now candidly informed his host, that they were two poor painters, going in search of employment, and, that they had spent all their money. He, however, added that, as the sign of the bull was a disgraceful daub for so respectable a house, he would have no objection to repaint it, as a set off for what he and his companion had received. The landlord, who had long been wishing for a new sign, the one in question having passed through two generations, gladly accepted his terms, and Morland immediately went to work. As the priming would not allow of its being finished that day, it was agreed that our travellers should have board and lodging for one night. The next day the bull was sketched with such animation, that the landlord was enraptured, and actually

supplied the artists with gin, &c. to the amount of two guineas! At length the contract was finished, to the satisfaction of all parties, and the landlord *generously* gave our travellers a few shillings towards their subsequent expences. The sign excited the admiration of every beholder; but the artist had not told his name, and the landlord considered him only as a vagrant. About three months afterwards, a gentleman well acquainted with his works, accidentally passing through the village, recognised it instantly to be the production of that inimitable painter:—he stopped, and was confirmed in his opinion, by the history which the landlord gave of the transaction. In short, he purchased the sign of him for £20; the landlord was struck with admiration at his liberality: and this identical painting was sometime afterwards sold at a public auction, for the sum of one hundred guineas!

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,
AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

TALENTS.

Superior talents, it seems, give no security for propriety of conduct: on the contrary, having a natural tendency to nourish pride, they often betray the possessor into such mistakes as men more moderately gifted never commit. Ability, therefore, is not wisdom; and an ounce of grace is a better guard against gross absurdity than the brightest talents in the world.

POLITICAL EARTHQUAKES.

Great revolutions happen in this ant's nest of ours. One EMMET of illustrious character and great abilities, pushes out another; parties are formed; they range themselves in formidable opposition, they threaten each other's ruin, they cross over, and are mingled together, and, like the coruscations of the northern aurora, amuse the spectator, at the same time that, by some, they are supposed to be the forerunners of a general revolution.

There are political earthquakes as well as natural ones; the former less shocking to the eye, but not always less fatal in their influence than the latter. The image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream was made up of heterogeneous and incompatible materials, and accordingly broken. Whatever is so formed must expect a like catastrophe.

MEDIOCRITY.

The temperate zone of moderate fortune, equally removed from high and low life, is most favourable for the permanence of friendship.

A VILLAIN.

How much pains, anxiety, and soul-harrowing fears does he experience!—When conscious rectitude no longer inhabits the bosom, when innocence is fled, and guilt darts its fangs into the soul, wretched beyond description is that miserable being, who to screen himself from detection and shame, travels on from one thorny path to another without resolution to turn back, to repent, to confess, and to amend; but shrinking from the shame of deserved reproach, through a false pride, pursues its briery course, till falling into a vortex of vice, it sinks to rise no more!

RIDICULOUS IMPUDENCE.

THE following anecdote of folly, insolence, and arrogance, in the celebrated dancer, Le Grand Pitrot, well known throughout all Europe for his superior professional excellence, will be another striking instance to many which could be related, of the presumptuous self-sufficiency of these foreign caperers.

This consequential prince of all the skipping, capering tribe, had the august appellation of le grand

tacked to his parental name. The pride, obstinacy, and merit of this performer, became proverbial at all the courts of Europe, and he took particular care to mark his own character.

At Vienna, he chose to appear only in the last act of a ballet. On the emperor's desire that he should make his *entre* at the end of the first act, he answered the officer, "That men of talent never made themselves too cheap." The monarch instantly left the opera, and the whole court followed his example.

Pitrot, on being informed of this, stepped forward, and, in the face of the whole remaining audience, thus addressed the dancers: "*Mes enfants, nous dansons pour nous memes, et ne pas pour l'empereur.*"

DR. FRANKLIN.

A conversation happening in the presence of Dr. Franklin, upon riches, when a young man in the company expressed his surprise, that they should ever be attended with such anxiety and solicitude, and instanced one of his acquaintance, who, though in possession of unbounded wealth, yet was as busy and more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting house: The doctor took an apple from a fruit basket, presented it to a little child, who could just totter about about the room. The child could scarce grasp it in his hand. He then gave him another, which occupied the other hand. Then choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold three, dropped the last on the carpet and burst into tears. See there, said the philosopher, there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy.

THE AMIABLE WIFE.

The maid I shall love, must be free from disguise.
Wear her heart on her lips, and her soul in her eyes;
A soul by the precepts of virtue inform'd,
And a heart by the purest benevolence warm'd.
Her converse so varied as ever to please;
Unaffectedly cheerful, and polish'd with ease;
Her person attractive, her temper serene;
And her wit rather brilliant and playful, than keen.

On a British finger-post, is to be read the following inscription, which contains a singular anachronism of ideas:

"Had you come these roads, *before they were made*,
"You'd lift up your eyes, and bless Marshal Wade!

A wise annotator on the Pentateuch, named Peter Harrison, says of Moses's two *tables of stone*, that they were made of *shittim wood*.

In Suffolk there is a post placed in the middle of a stream, with these words legibly painted on it:—*When the water is above the top of the post, it is dangerous to cross.*

Some years ago, the mayor of a capital English city published a proclamation and advertisement, previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, *but the horses* that are to run.

An Hibernian at Buxton declared, that *no English hen ever laid a fresh egg*.

An English shopkeeper said to a lady, in recommendation of his goods,—"*Madam it will wear forever, and make you a petticoat afterwards.*

A baronet, formerly well known in parliament, proposed that certain regulations should take place—"*on every Monday (Tuesdays excepted.*")

"I hate cats almost as much as old women," exclaimed an Hibernian in a coffee-house; "and if I had been an English minister, I would have laid the *dog-tax* upon *cats*."

Not long ago we heard the following speech of an Irishman to a justice of peace:—"Please your worship, he sent me to the devil, and I came straight to your honour."

Selected for the Emerald.

ON THE PROGRESSIVE LATENESS OF HOURS KEPT IN ENGLAND.

Amongst other artificial modes of life, the increasing lateness of the fashionable hours in London is a just cause of wonder and complaint to those who wish to regulate their lives by the dictates of reason and the laws of Nature. The English have always been remarkable for this predilection to late hours; and it is well known that Louis XII. was supposed to have shortened his days, by putting off his dinner hour to eleven, in complaisance to his young English queen; so that, in this custom at least, we have the honour of taking the lead; and if it is a proof of greater civilization to dine two or three hours later than all Europe besides, we certainly are in possession of that mark of pre-eminence. I have often wondered within myself to what this peculiar taste is owing; whether we contract it from our northern situation, which obliging us to content ourselves with a very scanty portion of day-light during great part of the year, and that, too, coming to us tinged and clouded by the smoke and vapour which loads our atmosphere, we lose, by degrees, the natural pleasure every one has in sun-shine: and, like the poor Greenlanders, who, from the necessity of burying themselves under ground with the scent of train oil during the long winter months, come at length to think it pleasant, so we grow [illegible] customed to tallow and spermaceti, [illegible] prefer the poor substitute to that glo[illegible]ous flame, whose absence only it [illegible] meant to supply:—or whether it be th[illegible] the English, from their natural ta[illegible]turnity and reserve, are very slow [illegible] mix in free conversation, and f[illegible] very reason wonderfully loth to p[illegible] when they find themselves fairly [illegible] gaged in it. Whatever be the cau[illegible] the fact is, that we have quite alte[illegible] the natural course of life, turned d[illegible] into night, and confounded many of t[illegible] plainest and most ordinary phrases. T[illegible] noon is now so far from being syno[illegible]mous with the middle of the day, t[illegible] it hardly stands in the middle of t[illegible] morning: and the evening, instead [illegible] being limited to the soft hours of du[illegible]ous twilight, includes in it the deepe[illegible] shades of dead night. When the fa[illegible]ion of undressing prevailed among[illegible] the ladies, the Spectator complain[illegible] that the neck was surprisingly grow[illegible] and stretched out to half the body; [illegible] like manner the morning has increa[illegible] upon us so rapidly of late years, t[illegible] there is no saying what portion of t[illegible] four and twenty hours it may not in ti[illegible] swallow up; it already, in winter, s[illegible] the sun rise and set, and is lengthe[illegible] out to such a degree, that, to borr[illegible] the phrase of the Hebrew histori[illegible] "the evening and the morning ma[illegible] the whole day." These figures [illegible] speech occasion a ludicrous confusi[illegible] in a plain head. There circulate[illegible] pleasant story of a certain duchess, [illegible] mark able for leading every fashiona[illegible] caprice, who ordered her shoe-mak[illegible] to call on her the next *morning* at f[illegible] o'clock. The honest man, not bei[illegible] aware of the extent of the term, obey[illegible] her commands according to the m[illegible] liberal interpretation, and disturbed t[illegible] family several hours before sun-risin[illegible] But whatever may be indulged to la[illegible] ness or pardoned to caprice, we cann[illegible] allow people to derive *vanity* from th[illegible] follies. What can be more absurd th[illegible] for a man to be proud of dining when h[illegible] neighbours are going to bed? That [illegible] man is able to provide a more elega[illegible] entertainment than another, though no[illegible] justifiable reason for the swelling [illegible] pride, may, perhaps, be a natural on[illegible] but that he should value himself b[illegible] cause he eats it some hours later, is [illegible] most whimsical perversion of ev[illegible] vanity itself; yet such is the spell [illegible]

fashion, that the inhabitant of Grosvenor-square, who dines at five, looks down on the citizen who eats his mutton at three, and is himself obliged to strike sail to the man of high ton, the superlatively fashionable, whose table is not covered till after the opera. I have considered whether the glory may not arise from a man of fashion being more abstemious than the common run of mortals, and capable of fasting to a later hour; but I was obliged to abandon this idea, by calculating that more waking hours do not intervene between his meals, than between the meals of the vulgar; and that the farmer who has been at work from six in the morning, has probably earned his twelve o'clock dinner full as well as the fine gentleman or lady their repast at six. It is happy that our descriptive writers have not yet thought of adapting the language of poetry to the present capricious acceptation of words. Should they ever do so, what new and uncouth imagery would be produced; the morning would be stripped of her dews and her roses, the day would be ushered in by what we now call the evening star, or descried from afar by the approach of the lamp-lighters; and the *sable goddess*, instead of being confined to her ebon throne, and her rayless majesty, would include in her dominion some of the most brilliant hours in the four and twenty. I have sometimes thought to draw up *the complaints of the morning*, setting forth that she is no longer permitted to confine herself to those cool and quiet hours which suit the delicacy of her constitution; that she is obliged to shew her forehead in high noon, and sit scorching under the beams of the meridian sun, to the great detriment of her complexion; that her levee is deserted, or attended only by farmers and stage-coachmen; that she has not so much dew as would fill an acorn cup, and is obliged to refresh herself with ice-creams; that her concerts, which used to be more brilliant than Madam CATALANI's, are reduced to the note of the cuckoo and the shrill song of the grasshopper. The evening might lament, on her part, that she is no longer *l'heure du Berger*; that, instead of the light-gown in which she used to be habited, and the thin veil of black gauze which rendered her beauty more soft and interesting, she is muffled up in the thickest mantle of gloom and darkness, and chilled with the unwholesome vapours of midnight. Thus all the parts of the day, so aptly harmonized and adapted to follow each other in successive order by the hand of Nature, put into confusion by our absurd customs, might mutually accuse each other of encroachments.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a late number of the Emerald we copied among our literary and philosophical intelligence an article from the Monthly Magazine, which it appears by the subsequent reply was only an opinion on one side of the question. We copy the other to give an entire view of a subject intimately connected with literature. In reply to the objections made to stereotype printing, the writer observes,

In the first place, *the wear of moveable types*, in Stereotyping, does not exceed 5l. per cent, of the heavy expense incurred by the old method of printing. —2dly. The expenditure upon *composition* and *reading* is nearly the same by both methods, for a first edition: but this great expense must be *repeated* for *every* succeeding edition from moveable types; whereas, by the Stereotype plan *is ceases forever*.—3dly. The expense of *Stereotype plates*, when I am employed to cast them is not 20l. per cent. of that of moveable type pages.—4thly. The expenditure upon *paper* and *press-work* is the same by both methods; but it is not incurred at the same time. The old method requires an advance of capital for a consumption of four years; whereas, by Stereotype, half a year's stock is more than sufficient. It follows, therefore, that 12 1-2l. per cent. of the capital hitherto employed in paper and press-work is fully adequate to meet an equal extent of sale.—5thly. A fire-proof room will hold Stereotype plates of works, of which the dead stock in printed paper would require a warehouse twenty times the size; and thus *warehouse-rent* and *insurance* are saved; with the additional advantage, in case of accident by fire, that the Stereotype plates may be instantly put to press, instead of going through the tedious operations of moveable type printing: and thus no loss will be sustained from

the works being out of print.—6thly. In Stereotype, every page of the most extensive work has a seperate plate; all the pages, therefore, of the said work, must be equally new and beautiful. By the old method, the types of each sheet are distributed, and with them the succeding sheets are composed; so that, although the first few sheets of a volume may be well printed, the last part of the same volume, in consequence of the types being in a gradual state of wear as the work proceeds, will appear to be executed in a very inferior manner.—7thly. The Stereotype art possesses a *security* against *error*, which must stamp ever work so printed with a superiority of character that no book from moveable types ever can attain. What an important consideration it is, that the inaccuracies of language, the incorrectness of orthography, the blunders in punctuation, and the accidental mistakes that are continually occurring in the printing of works by moveable types, and to which every new edition superadds its own particular share of error,—what a gratifying security it is, that all descriptions of error are not only completely cured by the Stereotype invention, but that the certainty of the Stereotype plates remaining correct, may be almost as fully relied on as if the possibility of error did not at all exist!—If these observations be just with reference to the printing of English books, how forcibly must they be felt when applied to the other languages generally taught in this country!—how much more forcibly when applied to those languages which are the native dialects of the most ignorant classes throughout the United Kingdom, but which are as little understood as they are generally spoken!—8thly. Stereotype plates admit of alteration; and it will be found that they will yield at least twice the number of impressions that moveable types are capable of producing.—Lastly, All the preceding advantages may be perpetuated, by the facility with which Stereotype plates are cast with Stereotype plates. Such is a general outline of the present state of the Stereotype invention; and such are the obvious advantages arising from it to learning and to ignorance,—to every state and condition of civilized life. From the whole it results, that a saving of 25l. to 40l. per cent. will accrue to the public in the prices of all books of standard reputation and sale, which I believe, are pretty and accurately ascertained to comprehend THREE FOURTHS of all the *book* printing of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is fair to conclude, therefore, that the sales, both at home and abroad, will be considerably increased, and that the duties on paper will be proportionally productive; so that the public will be benefited in a twofold way by a general adoption and encouragement of the Stereotype art. With this view, I think the period is now arrived when I ought to announce to all the respectable classes before mentioned, particularly to Printers and Booksellers, that I am fully prepared to enable them to participate in the advantages to be derived from the Stereotype art, in any way that may be most conductive to their particular interests, either individually or collectively. With respect to the improvements by Earl Stanhope in the constructing of printing-presses, I deny that it is possible to introduce the principles which command the *power* and regulate the *truth* of this ingenious invention of his Lordship's into the common working presses hitherto in general use."

To Correspondents.

Our literary friend from New-Haven, P. R. S. will receive the warmest thanks of the Editors. His communication bears the impression of genius, and the evidence of taste. The scholar will read it with pleasure, and its judicious severity will delight the moralist.

The Editors of the Emerald can never experience more gratification than when their humble exertions meet the wishes of so competent a judge, and they feel with sensibility the favourable sentiments which accompanied his essay, as convincing them the object of their efforts is in some degree answered.

WOLVINE adverts to facts we never knew, and is to us unintelligible.

REMARKS on Mr. Fennell's reading of Milton will be considered.

ERRATA—In Wanderer, 2d page, 13th line from bottom, dele the word "more."—3d. page, 9th line, 2d column, for *transfusing* read *transferring*.

POETRY.

MESSRS EDITORS,

By giving the following a place in the EMERALD, *you will oblige a lover of Poetry:—*

S. T.

TO THE ROSE IN JUNE.

PREPARE sweet Rose! thy balmy treat
And all thy vivid charms display,
For lo! the anxious zephyrs wait,
To waft their fragrant draught away.

And lo, the fond expectant Bee,
Now wanders o'er the flow'ry plain,
And searches every plain for thee.
And longs to meet his rose again.

And hark, the minstrels of the grove,
For thee exert their vocal powers,
Mirth, beauty, melody and love,
Invoke thee to adorn their bowers.

Then bid the blushing leaves expand,
In all thy birth day beauty drest;
Prepare to grace LAVINIA's hand,—
Prepare to bloom upon her breast.

And when thy tints begin to fade,
And when thy fragrant charms decline,
Then teach the amiable maid,
That beauty's reign resembles thine.

For the Emerald.

IMPROMPTU.....TO MISS O.

DID you express your tim'rous fear
That fate might stop your dubious tread?
Say, can that accident be near
When hovering Angels guard your head?

Say, can a native of the skies,
To this unworthy earth be driven?
No; it would cause a less surprise
To see the cherub mount to Heaven!

P.

SONG.

How gaily once the hours flew,
Ere grief my tender heart beguil'd;
No anxious pang this bosom knew,
And ev'ry passing moment smil'd.
Blithe as the linnet, all day long,
I caroll'd forth my simple ditty;
Like him, I tun'd my artless song,
And thought alone of love and Kitty.

Awhile the fascinating fair
With ev'ry winning glance deceiv'd;
She fondly chac'd each rising care,
She flatter'd, smil'd, and I believ'd.
I left all other charms beside—
The giddy scenes of town and city;
My heart all other charms deny'd,
And sigh'd alone for love and Kitty.

Thus ev'ry hour my passion grew,
But soon, alas! the fickle maid,
To bless a happier lover flew,
And all my fondest hopes betray'd!
And now, within this rustic cell,
Depriv'd, alas! of hope and pity,
My breaking heart has bid farewell
To happiness, to love, and Kitty.

SONG,

To the days of my Youth.

DAYS of my youth, ye are gliding away!
Days of my youth, ye will shortly be vanish'd;
Soon will the warm tints of Fancy decay,
Soon from my cheek will the roses be banish'd.

Brief as the wild flower that lives on the spray,
Brief as the bright dew that hangs on the morning;
Youth gives its blossoms to life's barren way,
All the drear waste for an instant adorning.

Soon will the hopes of my bosom be hush'd,
Soon will the hours of my day-dreams be number'd
Quickly the shoots of romance will be crush'd,
All will be fled that I've wish'd, or I've slumber'd.

Go then, ye warm-beaming joys of a day,
Go, then, ye moments of bliss and of sorrow;
Calm will I bend me to Time's pale decay,
And from Contentment new roses will borrow.

For the Emerald.

TRANSLATED FROM ANACREON.

MASTER of the Rhodian art,
Sketch the Goddess of my heart;
From her vot'ry's tongue prepare
To paint the lovely absent fair:
First her hair of lovely brown,
Softer than the cygnet's down;
Then, if paint so fine be found,
Sketch the odours breathing round:
Next one beauteous cheek display,
Where her glossy ringlets play;
O'er her iv'ry brow descending,
Light and shade so sweetly blending:
Then her eye-brows trace with art,
Mingle not, nor wholly part;
Follow Nature's nice design—
Looking close they faintly join;
Let each silken eye-lash show
Long and dark in even row.
May some God thy hand inspire
To give her eye its wonted fire—
Blue as her's who sprung from Jove,
Melting as the Queen's of Love!
Tinge with milk her lovely cheek,
Where transparent roses break:
Paint her lips Persuasion's seat,
Breathing love and kisses sweet;
Then her neat-turn'd chin unite
To a neck of Parian white.
Let each downy Grace be seen
Sporting round their smiling Queen:
Clothe her in a purple vest,
Yet so lightly she be drest,
Her wanton robe may oft reveal
Charms 'twas fashion'd to conceal,
Hold!—'tis she herself I see!
Picture! can'st thou speak to me!

SOLUTIONS

OF THE TWO CHARADES WHICH APPEARED IN EMERALD, NO. 65.

1.

WHEN night has clos'd the eye of day,
The lab'rer homeward takes his way,
And soon to *bed* doth creep it;
But, ah! when sad disease appears,
To dim the laughing eye with tears,
'Tis mis'ry then to keep it.

But when the lab'rer, ere he goes
To seek the balm of soft repose,
Gets what some folks call mellow;
Each person that the stagg'rer meets,
With this short line the toper greets,
"Get out you drunken *fellow*."
In such a state, it seems to me,
The drunken man must ever be,
A *Bedfellow* provoking;
And if a wife the man has got,
Poor woman! she must wish the sot,
Or *almost* wish him—choaking!

2.

WHEN night-glooms appear,
Impressing with fear,
Then a *House* is the pleasantest place;
But the more it will please,
(That is, if she don't tease,)
When a *Wife* does your domicel grace.

But what is a wife
To a man in this life,
If she is not a notable dame;
Thus a *Housewife* will prove
Most worthy of love,
While peace shall enliven the flame.

EPIGRAMS.

ON A BEE, STIFLED IN HONEY.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains
See the blest, busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil
Is, in the sweet

'Tis thus, would man
With life's soft sweets, each fav'
joy:
If we taste wisely, they relieve;
But if we *plunge* too deep, destroy.

TIME.

Ticio stands gazing for the clouded
To be inform'd how fast his hours
run.
Ah! foolish *Ticio*, art thou sound
mind,
To lose by seeking, what thou seek
to find.

POLITIC LOVE.

To Lady Mary, Belair makes addres
Presents he makes, sighs, presses,
professes.
Is she so fair? No lady so ill off,
What is so captivating then? *Her*

Out of money, out of debt.

You say you nothing owe, and so I
He only owes, who something h
pay.

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